The World.

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TREATMENT OF THE INSANE.

NOT so many years ago a lunatic was treated like a wild beast. He was chained to the floor or the wall and starved and beaten to make him tame.

The progress of civilization has caused a different public attitude toward the insane. Instead of classing them with criminals they are treated as unfortunate, not as the products of their own deliberate fault, but as victims of heredity and environment.

Formerly no attempt was made to cure them, except by exorcisms to drive away the evil spirits with which they were deemed to be possessed. Now the State of New York alone spends many millions of dollars every year that these unfortunate people may, if possible, be cured, and that if they cannot be cured their condition may be made as tolerable and easy as possible.

The Evening World's exposure of the ill-treatment of insane patients in the Manhattan State Hospital on Ward's Island will come as a shock not only to the general charitable public but to the officials themselves. Only a few days ago Gov. Hughes visited this hospital and saw what excellent provision the State of New York has made for the care of its insane. He did not know how that provision has been defeated by careless supervision and by brutal attendants.

The job of an attendant at an insane asylum is neither well paid nor accompanied with easy work. At best the care of insane patients is difficult. Some cases are hard to handle. Some forms of insanity are dangerous. At times the exercise of physical strength is necessary for the patient's own safety.

But that is no excuse for brutality.

A keeper has no more legal right to assault an insane patient than an ordinary citizen. On the contrary, the results of brutal treatment of the insane are more disastrous than the like treatment of people with healthy minds.

The Manhattan State Hospital has at its head several high salaried officials. It is examined from time to time by a State Board. Upon the men at the head rather than the attendants at the foot is the blame for a bad system to be placed.

There are other institutions, of which the Manhattan State Hospital is a sample, where everything looks well to the casual visitor, but where brutality, inefficiency and even graft exist. There is too much tendency in such places for the ordinary work to be turned over to the lowest paid employees and for the high paid staff to take more interest in the preparation of papers for medical conventions or the securing of increased appropriations from the Legislature.

That makes it necessary for such newspapers as The Evening World to do the work which State officials are paid for doing and to bring to the attention of the people the failure of such a charitable public service.

Watching the Market.

By Maurice Ketten.

Again Mr. and Mrs. Jarr Show That They Are the Ideal Married Couple—When They Have to Go Out of an Evening There Is an Argument Over It

By Roy L. McCardell.

Roy L. McCardell

"I DON'T see how we can go," said Mrs. Jarr. "It looks like rain."

Mr. Jarr said nothing.

"Any other time but this I wouldn't have cared," continued the good lady, "but you know I can't go."

Still Mr. Jarr was silent.

"The children have been feverish and I've kept them home from school, for there's so much sickness around, and I know they are going to have something. I do hope it won't be anything serious. Oh, I do hope it won't be!"

Mr. Jarr making no remark at this, Mrs. Jarr turned to him.

"I don't think it would worry you one bit if they got scarlet fever or any other terrible thing!" she said. "Of course, it wouldn't bother you, for I should have to take care of them and nurse them, but at least they are your children, too, and you might have a little feeling!"

"Gee! What do you worry yourself so for?" asked Mr. Jarr. "The kids are all right. They've got colds and that's about all; it's nothing serious."

"Nothing serious?" said Mrs. Jarr. "Don't you know there's an epidemic of chicken-pox, and I heard of a case, when I was a little girl, of a child that got chicken-pox and was neglected and died."

"Our children won't be neglected no matter what they get!" growled Mr. Jarr.

"That will be because I won't neglect them," said Mrs. Jarr. "What do you do for them when they are ill?"

"I do my best," said Mr. Jarr, "what more can I do?"

"And now Mrs. Rangle is going to give her husband's birthday party tonight, and I can't go. I know I can't go!" said Mrs. Jarr, switching off.

Mr. Jarr knew Mrs. Jarr would go; she never missed anything of a social nature, but he said nothing to this effect for various reasons.

"You can go, of course," said Mrs. Jarr. "Tell Mr. and Mrs. Rangle over the telephone that I can't go because the children are ill and then you go and I'll stay at home."

"You know I won't go if you don't go," said Mr. Jarr.

"That's the way you always do!" said Mrs. Jarr, peevishly; "you drag me into everything. You know I shouldn't go. I'll be so worried about the children I won't do a thing but make myself sick, and then it looks like rain and I don't want to spoil my clothes.

"Wear your old things," said Mr. Jarr. "We don't need to dress up for the Rangles, they're old friends."

"Yes, but everybody else will be all dressed up. They won't mind the rain, but that's because they have more clothes than I have and can afford to get their best things ruined!"

"Oh, it isn't going to rain," said Mr. Jarr soothingly, "and the children are just as well as they were last night when we went to the theatre."

"That's just it," said Mrs. Jarr. "We were out last night and left them alone and this means we will leave them alone to-night, and I'm so afraid of fire. If fire broke out the girl wouldn't save the children and I know it. You can go, I'll stay home."

"I won't go without you," said Mr. Jarr, "and you know you should go. The Rangles would be greatly disappointed."

"I know they would," said Mrs. Jarr complainingly. "They are the best friends we have, and Mrs. Rangle is always so good when one is sick or has trouble, and they never missed one of our anniversaries."

"You'll go, then?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"Oh, I suppose I'll have to go," said Mrs. Jarr. "But I know I'll worry myself sick. I feel sure the children are going to be ill and I just worry about thieves or burglars and it looks like rain."

So, still complaining in this style, Mrs. Jarr arrayed herself and they sallied forth to the Rangle domicile to attend Mr. Rangle's birthday party.

"I feel sure I shouldn't have left the children," moaned Mrs. Jarr. "Why did you make me come? Now, don't you side with the Rangles and insist on my staying late! I just must get back to the children as soon as I can."

Once inside and amid the festivities Mrs. Jarr assured Mrs. Rangle, in response to that lady's inquiry, that the children were well, barring a slight cold that it wouldn't do to notice, and that she just had to make Mr. Jarr come with her.

Letters from the People.

Tesla and Mars.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Referring to Dr. Nicola Tesla's statement in the Sunday World, would you kindly answer the following: Mr. Tesla claims we can communicate with the planet Mars by wireless telegraphy. It is understood that in using electricity for any purpose we must use at least two wires or conductors in order that we can complete a circuit. We know that in wireless telegraphy the ground is made use of to transmit one of our poles of electricity and the air waves to conduct the other. Now, since we have only the air waves to rely upon for one of our poles of electricity, where does the other come in?

F. T. SHACK, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Very Long Repairs.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Why has the public comfort station in Hanover Square been closed for repairs, to my knowledge for the past year? H. A.

The Cyclone and Mountain.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

M. R. asserts that if a cyclone that is irresistible strikes a mountain that is immovable nothing would happen. Now if nothing happens it proves conclusively that his cyclone is not irresistible inasmuch as the mountain is unmoved. How many readers agree with me? E. P.

The Art of Self-Defense.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Referring to "T. H's" inquiry, which appeared in this column the other evening, I would say that this young man will never learn the art of self-defense by reading literature. And he will never learn by boxing with only one man. Therefore it is not advisable to take lessons from a teacher of this art. The best and only way to really learn this art is to join an athletic club where the members box between themselves. Then box with everybody. If you don't know how they will show you. By doing this you don't have to be a fighter. This advice is given from my own experience.

A FIGHTER.

March 11, 1888.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Kindly let me know the date of the blizzard in 1888? L. T. A.

Roosevelt Is Right.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

In my opinion, I think President Roosevelt is doing the right thing in having the words "In God We Trust" taken off our $10 gold pieces. God don't want his mark on a piece of metal. He wants it in the hearts and souls of every human being. I think "In Gold We Trust" would be more appropriate.

J. HALPERT.

Yes.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

If a man enters a saloon, not feeling well, and is compelled to take some kind of a drink, is the saloonkeeper compelled by law to give this man drink? Can he be refused? N. SICE.

A New Motto.

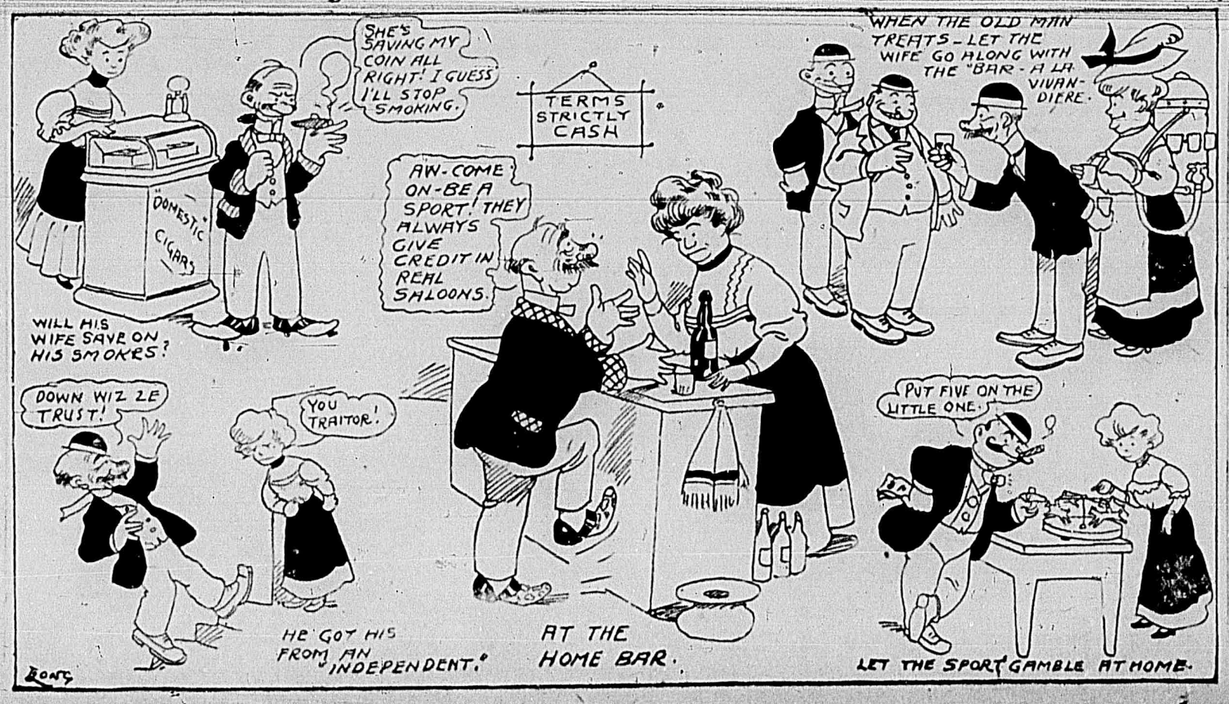
To the Editor of The Evening World:

How about "In Teddy We Trust?" M. B. M.

Do Your Drinking at Home

And Let Your Wife Profit by Your Extravagances, Says Rev. M. C. Peters.

By F. G. Long



Nixola Greeley-Smith

Discusses Heart Topics

What Wins Women To-Day.

TWO young men of Bloomfield, N. J., fought with their bare knuckles for the favor of a girl with whom they were in love. Hearing of the affair, the girl said: "They are both savages and I'm through with them."

Yet now and then a pessimist rises to deny that the world is growing more civilized.

A thousand, or even five hundred years ago, the heroine of an episode similar to this would have married the victor as a matter of course. A century since the newer instinct of pity implanted by civilization in woman's breast and in early Victorian days allowed to flourish at the expense of her intelligence would have led her to bestow her hand and her affections upon the vanquished.

But now the clear light of reason shines on the situation and the lady, untouched by the primitive woman's love for strength, unbefogged by sentimental yearnings to console the defeated champion, says coldly:

"They're savages! I'm through with both of them!"

And she is right.

Men fight for women to-day perhaps as much as in their old, cave-dwelling days, but the weapons have changed. Brains win to-day the wealth and power that formerly the sword confiscated and maintained. Women in general, perhaps, would have no great admiration for the masculine brain if it were not capable of transmuting itself into silks and gold and jewels for their adornment. They do not thrill to it as they once thrilled to the dominion of brute strength, but they acknowledge it and judge men according to it.

Notwithstanding Mr. Roosevelt's attempt to revive public interest in all manly arts, what was once man's pride and woman's admiration—his physical strength—has become merely a means to recreation and is altogether subservient to his once neglected brain.

"They're both savages," expresses woman's view of all the participants in fights to-day whether between individuals with fists or nations with armies and warships.

It may be questionable whether the weapon of to-day with which men contend for women—that is, money—is more civilized than the fist or the javelin, but, at any rate, the latter are hopelessly discredited.

The Variety of Joe Cannon.

By George Fitch.

MR. CANNON is a composite of tastes and manners. Possibly this is the secret of his success. He has gone through life absorbing. He has been a Quaker, a farmer, a lawyer, a banker, a monopolist and a statesman, and has gotten some of the flavor of each in his make-up, so that when he tells a quaint story to illustrate an up-to-date financial theory, while sipping sauterne in his shirt-sleeves, he is as likely to let a "thee" slip into his conversation as not. In Congress he has served sixteen terms, writes George Fitch in the December American Magazine. Only two men now there have served longer. Almost a thousand have come and gone in his time. During his thirty-two years in Congress he has watched the rise and fall of the volcanic leader, the vitriolic leader, the pious, the oily, the shrewd, the polished and the unlettered leader. He has understood them all and has absorbed each man's way until now he uses temperaments as an organist pulls out stops. He is in turn Cannon the violent, threshing the atmosphere with huge, angular gestures and bombarding the enemy with short, jagged words; Cannon the bland, peaceful and oleaginous; Cannon the correct, frock-coated, grave and dignified; Cannon the rustic, redolent of the prairies and scornful of conventions; Cannon the fearless, with bridges burned and pontoons conveniently hidden; Cannon the contemplative, quoting Scripture; Canon the politician, frankly commercial, and Cannon the patriot, marching to the defense of his country's prosperity with a blind faith in the integrity of figures.

Just what the real Cannon is beneath the mob of politician Cannons is difficult to say. Even his friends are not sure they know. Perhaps it would not be a bad guess to think of a man a little weary, a little old, a little lonely; not fond of book learning nor particularly of people, but with a passion for history and the romance of nation building, a trifle cynical regarding reforms and reformers and the millennium; believing absolutely in two things—a Deity and the Republican party; not particularly full of faith in men and impatient of any attempt to change the good old ways of getting there. Warm-hearted with common people, but cold-blooded in politics, knowing the game from its first principles. A grand old man of yesterday and a pretty good young man of today as young men go. And may he round out his hundred years as he has sworn to do.

A Machine to Measure Life.

By Hedwig S. Albarus.

THE other scientific invention of Dr. Hypolite Baraduc, which I have mentioned before is the biometric apparatus, by means of which he measures the vibrations of human vitality. This is what Dr. Baraduc says in the preface of his book about the biometric apparatus:

"This book explains in detail the biometric method which I created in thirteen years. Biometry, in short, is a method of measuring our vibrations, based on the displacement of a non-magnetic but isothermal needle, which our vibrations cause to move within a circle divided into 360 degrees. It is evident from this that a certain vibration of ours would cause the needle to describe twenty, for instance, in as many minutes; that the displacement would last so many minutes, and that the return of the needle to the starting point would take place in a definite portion of time as well. Each vibration has, therefore, a particular movement, which determines the nature of our temperament, while the amount of steadiness with which it points to the number obtained would give us an idea of the force of our constitution; and the slowness of the returning needle to its point of departure would indicate the degree of resistance or reserve force which we possess."

In short, biometry furnishes a mathematical basis for the measurement of human vitality, writes Hedwig S. Albarus in the Chicago Inter Ocean. In summarizing the above facts, we might say that the great work of Dr. Baraduc consists in the discovery of the fluidic or subtle body of man by means of exact science, in demonstrating its existence to the senses of sight by means of photography, and in calculating its movements.

A Random Dictionary.

By Helen Vail Wallace.

DESTINY—Something that you can neither borrow, loan nor bank on.
PARTIALITY—A biased phrase of intellectual discrimination.
THEORY—Many words, little knowledge.
DESIRE—The tugboat that pulls a ship called Understanding, which it will finally bring to port.
FIRST AIDS TO SUCCESS—Active use of present knowledge. "To him that (makes use of what he) hath, to him shall be given" (more).
FEAR—That which brings the thing to pass.
HOPE—Often the same.
SELFISHNESS (of others)—The propelling power that sometimes pushes you far from the muddy shoals of helplessness.
SELFISHNESS (your own)—The force that mayhap leaves you stranded.
SELF-SACRIFICE—A waste of good human material on the altar of selfishness.
POSITIVE PEOPLE—The determined, active workers.
NEGATIVE PEOPLE—The material which is "done" and "worked" by the positive people.
TROUBLE—The harvest of indefinite thought and action.

The Trail of the Lawyer.

It's in All Corporation Rottenness.

AT each turn in the complicated finance of business the dim but definite trail of a lawyer may be seen. Each investigation brings out clearly that at some point in deeds or contracts or arrangements that evade or break laws one or more lawyers were in active operation devising ways and means to give these operations a specious appearance of legality or cover up their real meaning, says a writer in "The Pilgrim's Scrip" in the American Magazine. In some cases, as in the Standard Oil investigation, distinguished lawyers boast before the open court of their ingenuity in defeating the purpose of the laws of the United States. In the Metropolitan investigation you will find that every one of those schemes that have deceived or robbed the stockholders and the public was invented by a great lawyer and for a huge fee. Abe Hummel, the criminal lawyer, yet, was disbarred for wrongful practices. What is the Bar Association going to do about these others?

A Rare Old Book.

A COPY of the Koran, now in the possession of the Shah of Persia, is said to be worth $125,000. Its parchment sheets are bound in a solid gold cover one-eighth of an inch in thickness, with a silver lining equally thick. The gold cover is decorated with precious stones in the form of a crescent. One hundred and nine diamonds, 167 pearls and 122 rubies make up the brilliant decoration.

P'ucking Ostrich Plumes.

OSTRICH feathers can be taken every eight months. The plumes are not, as some suppose, pulled, but are cut with a sharp knife. The stumps wither and fall out.